

You Can't Fix Something if All that's Left is Dust by cms521

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Summary: Billy may be tough on the outside, but sometimes if you get enough stress, you're bound to break. Steve comes along, wanting to help, but Billy doesn't need, want help. (Same verse as Put Me Back Together, but can be read separately) Established Steve/Nancy/Jonathan

1. Chapter 1

"Harrington!" Billy bellowed on his way up the Beyer's driveway. "I know you're in there! I need Max, NOW!" Billy rapped aggressively on the front door. The front Billy was purring up wasn't sustainable. He could feel his legs shaking, even after a few hours away from his dad. *Stupid sub*, he thought harshly. It wasn't the best mindset to go into a fight, but he'd dealt with worse.

What Billy didn't expect was dropping so hard for Harrington. Sure everyone knew he was a dom, but Billy could feel something solid about Harrington. He hadn't ever felt that coming off a dom before. Really, Billy shouldn't have fought at all that night, especially not such a level headed dom, but when had he ever made good decisions. So Billy didn't expect to drop, but it wasn't surprising given the circumstances. What was surprising was Steve stopping and actually giving him aftercare. No one had ever done that before. Billy doesn't remember much after that except for a vague sense of awe.

Billy avoids Steve for a few days, not that Steve minds much. Steve hadn't realized Billy was a switch; he'd always registered as a dom and showed no signs of typical switch behavior. It makes sense that Billy wouldn't seek out a person who knew his secret. But Steve was getting board. Nancy and Jonathan had left to follow a lead, and he didn't have anything else to focus his energy toward. It wasn't that Steve was looking to dom Billy, but after having spent some time with Jonathan, he was a bit more familiar with the signs of an upcoming drop. Well, switches aren't subs, but Billy was showing a few signs that he was going to crash and burn, soon.

During PE, Billy was more physically aggressive than usual. He didn't really bother anyone but Steve during the monitored basketball game. The teacher seemed to brush it off as doms butting heads, but Steve had an inkling for what was about to happen. He only hoped they would be somewhere private when Billy inevitably dropped.

Steve's glad that it's the last period. Billy and Steve are the last ones left in the locker room, and Billy is getting quieter and quieter. He's still throwing insults at Steve, but his eyes are downcast while he does it, hesitating at times, as if expecting a punishment. Steve just

about finishes dressing when Billy crashes to his knees next to him. Steve looks over at the vacant expression covering Billy's face.

"Hi, Billy," Steve starts. "Are you done being an ass?" Billy flinches, and Steve frowns. "Don't worry, I'm not upset... Do you want someone to help you home? You're pretty far gone."

Billy looked up at Steve now, more focused, more fearful. "No, please. . . not home." Steve was surprised at that, but put it aside in favor of figuring out a place for Billy to ride out his drop.

"Would you like to come to my place? I have a comfy cushion you could kneel on in a corner," Steve hopes this is what Billy needs. It's hard to figure it out when a sub or switch is too far gone.

Billy nods, not too quickly, which helps ease Steve's mind. At least Billy took a moment to think it through.

Steve sets Billy up in his room. One of Jonathan's kneeling pillows is put in a vacant corner, and Steve tells Billy to get on the pillow, leaving how Billy sits up to him. After that, Billy seems pretty settled, or at least as settled as a switch can be for an unexpected drop in a strange place. Steve opts to sit on his bed and get some work done.

Billy stands up a couple of hours later, no longer exuding desperation. "Thanks," Billy mumbles to Steve on his way out, and that's all Steve gets from him.

Steve waited until shit settled down before talking with Nancy and Jonathan. "Something's off. The way he came in to get Max was like he had been wound up and let loose," Steve described, "Who does that? Just let a switch out of the house on the verge of a drop?"

Nancy spoke up, "Mike mentioned something about Billy being scary, and Billy getting it from his dad. I hadn't really thought about it, but it would make sense if Billy and his dad fought before Billy came looking for Max."

"I don't want to invite him into our thing, but he really seems like he needs a place to be safe," Jonathan spoke up for the first time since

Billy became the subject.

"Let me talk to him, feel him out," Nancy offered. "There are plenty of doms here at the school, but he basically looked for you that second time, Steve. You have something he needs, so let's see if he'll play nice."

Nancy waited for sometime for a good opportunity to talk with Billy. They didn't have the same classes or lunches, so it was a bit difficult, but one afternoon, when classes were let out, she caught him in the parking lot without his usual posse.

Billy frowned as she approached, "So, Harrington can't fight his own battles. He must be a pretty shitty dom if he's sending you to do his dirty work." Nancy didn't respond, from the info Steve gave her, and what she was seeing now, she could guess Billy was posturing. "I'm surprised two doms could even be together. Let me guess, Harrington is the sub, and you're the dom. No, even better, he's not even really a dom."

At this point Nancy could tell Billy was feeling cornered and spouting nonsense. "Look, Billy, I'm here because Steve, Jonathan and I talked. I don't like it, but Steve seems to have it in his head you need a safe space to drop. If you want, tomorrow we're at Steve's til 10. Show up, or don't." Nancy left. She said her piece, and she wasn't sure if Billy had absorbed any of it.

Billy convinces himself that the only reason he's going to Harrington's is to beat some sense into two pigheaded doms. He's convinced himself pretty thoroughly until he opens the door to Steve's room. The lights are dim. Nancy, Steve, and Jonathan are all piled up on Steve's bed. Nancy and Steve seem to be talking about some book Nancy has to write a paper for. But Billy's eyes focus in on Jonathan. He's sitting in Steve's lap, reading some book that Billy can't quite make out. Steve's hands are absentmindedly running up and down Jonathan's sides, and occasionally Nancy pets Jonathan's hair. For a moment, everything is peaceful, and Billy wishes he could sink into subspace like that, but then Jonathan realizes he's at the door and tenses. This brings Nancy and Steve's attention to the thing that broke their sub's relaxed state.

Steve's eyes brighten, realizing Billy actually came, and Nancy seems surprised by his presence.

"Good of you to come, Billy," Nancy smiled at him. Billy's chest swelled; he wasn't used to getting praise so casually. "We cleared a space at the desk for you," and with that, everyone went back to what they were doing, leaving Billy the space to make a choice, stay and join, or leave.

Honestly, Billy was even surprised they let him into their super quiet moment. He felt like he was intruding, interrupting what seemed like a nice evening.

"We wouldn't have invited you if we didn't want you here," Steve's words broke through Billy's spiral before it could gain any further traction. Billy looked over at the desk. It was close enough to the bed that he would still get attention from Nancy and Steve, but far enough away that he wouldn't be the focus like Jonathan.

Before even consciously making a decision, Billy had sat down at the desk. Nancy and Steve smiled at him, and went back to their conversation.

A/N: I'm thinking something like 4 chapters, let me know what you think!

2. Chapter 2

Jonathan wasn't 100% sure he was ok with Billy joining them, but they weren't doing anything super intense scenes, so he figured the worst outcome would be that Billy was an ass the entire time, which wouldn't be anything new. Jonathan is thrilled that Billy mostly sits at the desk quietly. His doms don't focus on Billy, and he gets to have a low key time basking in Nancy and Steve's affection.

The next time Jonathan looks up at Billy, he seems confused. Granted, they were all surprised he actually came, and even more surprised he sat with them. Jonathan remembered how confused he was about his own dynamic, and snuggled further into Steve's lap. Maybe Billy just never had a place where he could be a sub.

Billy sits at the desk for half an hour before getting restless. He hadn't expected his brain to go so quiet from just sitting like Nancy had asked. Billy felt a bit stupid now, why had he come? He was supposed to be beating the crap out of Steve and Nancy, but he was sitting obediently at Steve's desk like a trained dog. Billy gets up and leaves without a word to anyone, afraid if he hesitated or if Nancy or Steve spoke, he might stay, maybe embarrass himself even more than he already had. Besides, his mind was clearer, so at least he'd have a leg to stand on when his dad railed on him for being home late.

Billy slept better that night than he had since he presented, which only put him in an ugly mood. His dad had known, somehow, that he had seen some dom, and had yelled for a few hours about how "No son of mine is a sub." Even with all that, his mind was quiet when he went to sleep.

Today, he thought, I'll lay into Harrington, and all 3 of them will leave me alone for good. Just as he'd made up his mind, he literally bumped into Jonathan, who dropped his book. Billy uncharacteristically rushed to help pick them up, which only served to make him more upset. If he wasn't honest, he wasn't upset at Nancy and Steve, so much as with himself.

"You know," Jonathan said quietly while they were both picking up his things, "I get that it's weird." Billy paused in his shuffling of papers. "I really didn't know what I needed or what Steve and Nancy would do when we first started."

"But I was bad from the start," Billy murmured back. Even if Nancy and Steve were offering something, he'd been an ass, no doubt about it.

"Maybe, but you were pretty good last night. I don't know how it would be since you're a switch, but it seemed like you enjoyed sitting with us." Billy didn't know how to take this. "Just think about it. We're in the same place every week." Jonathan shoved the rest of his stuff in his bag and hurried along.

Billy stayed on the floor, brain running a mile a minute. He knew it wasn't healthy for switches to ignore either aspect of their dynamic. Billy also knew he dealt with his dad better than any other time.

Billy decided he'll go to Harrington's house a few weeks later. And it's definitely not because he can feel himself buzzing out of his skin. It's also not because he'd been yelled at pretty bad last night. He just decided to go . . . for no reason.

Nancy, Steve, and Jonathan are all sprawled on Steve's bed when Billy walks up to the door. Steve looks up, and beckons Billy in.

"Hi, Billy, it's been a while. We're all studying so I hope you brought something to do. It's totally ok if you don't get any work done, though. I'm going to ask you to sit at the desk again. Is that ok?" Billy nodded. Steve smiled and went back to his homework.

Billy went over to the desk, finding it pretty much the same as the last time he came by. He stopped that train of thought from going further, and Billy sat at the desk. He was going to take out his own work, but he just floated for a while. At first, he fought it, but then he remembered that Steve said he didn't have to do anything. He was fine just sitting.

About two hours later, Nancy placed a hand on his shoulder. He

didn't jerk out of subspace like he thought he would. Instead, he came up little by little. Steve gave him a glass of water and a smile, and Nancy gave him the occasional brushes, keeping him grounded.

Laying in bed that night, Billy felt that all in all, it had been nice. The one thing that kept nagging at him, though, was his inevitable fuck up. He wasn't just a sub, he was a switch, and Nancy and Steve already had Jonathan. Jonathan wouldn't want another dom, and an unstable one at that. Billy just couldn't see himself fitting into the perfect little world Nancy, Steve and Jonathan had created.

3. Chapter 3

Billy makes a habit of avoiding Steve, Nancy, and Jonathan. He doesn't need to indulge his sub side, and he pretty much convinced himself that he'd poison the good thing they have going. So he toughs it out. He never had a good dom before, and he doesn't need one new.

Today was bad. Billy's dad had been drinking, and his step-mom and Max weren't at the house. So it was just Billy and his dad. Usually, Billy would try and stay out of his dad's way, but his dad was looking for a reason to go off on Billy (not that there weren't already an abundance of reasons anyway).

So Billy stayed put on the kitchen table, hoping it would pass. He was very wrong.

After several punches, kicks, slaps and beatings with convenient objects, Billy was able to get out of the house. Billy automatically went to Steve's. He knew he was going to drop hard, and Steve was the only safe space Billy had.

Steve was immensely glad he answered the door. Billy looked about ready to fall apart, mentally and physically. Steve could only hope it wasn't what he thought.

"Come here," Steve opened his arms, and Billy fell into them. As Billy began crying, Steve moved them through the house to his room. "Shhhhhh. You're ok. You're safe," he continued trying to give comfort as he got them both situated. He had to evaluate: he had a dropping switch, who definitely needed aftercare, and maybe some bandages. First, he had to see if he could even talk to Billy, then he could decide how to proceed.

Steve laid the two of them down on his bed, pulling Billy into his chest. "I'm so proud of you for coming here. You did the right thing, Billy. Can I ask you a few questions?" Billy nodded minutely.

"Thank you, Billy. Is anything broken? Do we need to go to the hospital?" Billy shook his head, "Ok, good, I'm going to take care of

your cuts and bruises tonight. Is that ok?" Billy nodded emphatically.

"Now, with subs, I like making show they know they're doing good. Can I call you a good boy?" Billy froze at that. Steve was about to back peddle before Billy hesitantly nodded. "Thank you so much! You're doing so good, honey!" *Sort of coherent, then*, Steve thought. Billy's sobbing seemed to be calming down a bit.

"Now, I need to put some bandages on your cuts. Are you going to be ok if I step out for a moment?" Billy clung to him so tight that Steve started running out of oxygen. "Ok, I'll stay. Leaving is a no-go. Thank you for letting me know. We'll have to see about a reward for you being such a good boy tonight." Billy relaxed marginally. Steve stayed put for a while, murmuring comforting platitudes and petting Billy where he could reach.

It's a few hours before Billy let Steve leave the bed to get first aid supplies. He's a little more coherent than he was, and Billy is starting to get embarrassed by the casual praise Steve is giving him.

Steve has Billy sit in his bathroom while he applies all the necessary ointments and bandages. "If you don't want to answer, you don't have to," Steve started, "but what happened?" Billy let out a big sigh.

"My dad doesn't like that I'm a switch." Steve paused where he was rubbing ointment on his shoulder, but continued. "Thanks, by the way. Normally I'm dropped for the whole night. I'm feeling better."

Steve looked up from Billy's shoulder to where Billy had his head bowed. "Well it was smart of you to go somewhere you feel safe. I'm just glad it's here."

Billy opened his mouth before closing it again.

"Were you going to say something?" asked Steve.

"Can I spend the night?" Billy asked in a rush, not even looking at Steve. "You know what, forget it. It was stupid. I'll just go back."

"Billy," Steve lifted his face to meet his eyes. "Stay." Billy relaxed.

After Steve was done bandaging Billy, they laid down on his bed again. Billy fell asleep almost immediately with Steve rubbing his back. Steve, on the other hand, called Nancy.

"Hey, Nancy," Steve greeted when she picked up.

"Do you know how late it is?" Nancy asked, she had probably just been getting to sleep.

"Sorry, but it's kind of an emergency."

That woke Nancy up. "What happened? Where?"

"It's Billy. He showed up at my place a while ago all scraped up. . . His dad did it."

"Oh my god."

"Yeah. We can't do nothing. Nancy. I now you' were worried, but he's been a good boy tonight, even with how his dad treated him. Maybe we can all talk about it?"

Nancy hummed. "Yeah, let's talk. Keep an eye on him, Steve. He'll spook come morning. Let's talk this weekend." Steve smiled.

A/N: Thank you so much for reading this far! I'm wondering what everyone wants to see in the last chapter! Leave a review!